THE

WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

OR

EDINBURGH AMUSEMENT.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28. 1778.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

MANY months are elapſed ſince I propoſed to tranſmit to you obſervations on a book entitled, *The Gentleman Farmer;* but ſome neceſſary avocations have prevented the execution of my deſign. The leiſure I now enjoy, I purpoſe to employ in laying open to the view of the public, a few of thoſe fallacies in this celebrated compoſition, which tend to miſlead young practitioners in agriculture. Great gratitude is due by the public to its reſpectable author. His genius, elevated far above the common ſtandard of philoſophical writers; his induſtry, which hath few examples; his zeal for the *chief of arts*, have juſtly excited the eſteem and admiration of the lovers of our country. But, by the ſame principles which influence my reſpect, I am excited to animadvert on the errors of this ingenious writer. My intention, which coincides with his own, will with him prove my apology.

It is the fate of human nature to be miſled by certain propenſities which warp the judgment: By that ſpirit which animates the landlord, this acute author has been ſeduced: By that genius which pervades the whole order of farmers, I may be miſled. The candid public will diſcern the difference between the dictates of truth, and thoſe prejudices which originate from improper habits and preconceived prejudices.

My ſerious engagements, Mr Printer, are many. None of them will I ſacrifice to the amuſement I may find in animadverting on the valuable treatiſe now before me; but you ſhall have my obſervations regularly as my leiſure will permit. From an old man who has been tilling the ground theſe 40 years, you are not to look for theſe rhetorical tropes which pleaſe juvenile readers, nor thoſe ſallies of wit ſo familiar to the elegant author on whoſe ſentiments I propoſe to comment, nor perhaps that accuracy of compoſition, which is not often minded by labourers of the ground. Common ſenſe, homely diction, with ſimplicity of intention, are all you can hope for from a plain HUSBANDMAN.

To the Author of the GENTLEMAN FARMER.

SIR,

PERSUADED that the ſame liberal and patriotic principles which dictated

the *Gentleman Farmer*, will influence your judgment of thoſe remarks with which I now preſent you, I will not detain you with any apology for the liberty I take in differing ſo widely from an authority ſo truly reſpectable. The miſtakes of the moſt eminent for perſpicuity and penetration, are more fatal than thoſe of ordinary men: But the latter, more familiar with obvious truths, ſo frequently overlooked by men of genius, ſometimes detect the former in the poſſeſſion of error; nor can I doubt of your feeling a generous pleaſure in the information of the public, even at the expence of your own publiſhed opinions.

Permit me to obſerve, that you ſet out and perſiſt in recommending the cultivation of fields, which are deſtined by nature only for plantations or ſheep-walks. This ſyſtem you adopt in common with all projectors in huſbandry: Nor is there any project which has proved more hurtful to the intereſts of tenants, or the honour of landed gentlemen. Projectors have induced young farmers of ſpirit to apply their money, manure, and induſtry to the improvement of an ungrateful ſoil, which never can repay them, whilſt thoſe fields, which by proper cultivation would have enriched them, have been almoſt totally neglected.

Money is the object of a labourer: What will bring him moſt money, that he will, and ought to proſecute. Beauty to him is a ſecondary conſideration. Men of taſte (for ſome ſuch there are even among farmers) will ſometimes ſacrifice to the *graces*, and expend a little on the cleanneſs of their fields, but this will be a ſubordinate object. His duty to his family, and to the world, obliges the labourer to lay out moſt on thoſe fields which will yield him moſt in return. The *fury uterus* can be beſtowed on a contiguous barren ſoil; and of the former moſt farmers poſſeſs what exhauſts almoſt their whole ſtock of manure.

I farm a field of ten acres, which, if fallowed and dunged, will, in the courſe of five years ſubſequent to ſuch culture, yield me 100l. I have another of the ſame ſize, which, if cultivated in the ſame manner, will bring me 240l. Ought I to prefer the latter to the former? If I have one of thoſe fruitful fields to cultivate annually in the ſame manner, little will remain of the moſt valuable commodity, I mean dung, to beſtow upon my barren fields.

You lament thoſe patches of improveable land that you obſerve here and there amidſt large tracks of bad ſoil; and would you, by the improvement of ſuch patches, rear a good ſheep-walk, or obſtruct a fine plantation of barren wood? May I not be very poſitive that ſheep are the moſt effectual and profitable improvers of barren land? And I will not heſitate to affirm, that, in the courſe of forty years, patches of indifferent land, planted with Scots firs, will yield the proprietor more money than any improvement hitherto propoſed by our moſt acute projectors.

You are pleaſed, Sir, to execrate the diſtinction between outfield and infield land. Nor can I differ from you, when there is acceſs to foreign dung; but in all other ſituations the diſtinction will, and ought to take place. Many enterpriſing farmers, ſome gentlemen of landed property, have I known ruined by not adverting to this diſtinction. Howſoever irrational it may appear, it is notour, that gentlemen have purchaſed eſtates, and expended more than the purchaſe-money upon barren fields, which, after all, were in a worſe condition than when they made the purchaſe. Plowing, tearing, and liming, reduced the ſoil to a *caput mortuum*. Nor will it ever fare better with mean and barren ſoils, to which foreign dung cannot be applied. Dung, indeed, laid on ſuch land, after it hath been fallowed and limed, will throw out a marvellous crop of barley or oats, perhaps of both; if kept in tillage, it is immediately ruined; if let out in graſs, it quickly degenerates; and heath, whins, broom, and trumpery of divers denominations, congenial to the ſoil, reduce it to its primæval ſterility.

Here I beg leave to exhibit to your view an artifice practiſed by certain improvers of landed property, which brings them neither honour nor emolument. I hope it prevails only among inferior gentry, with whom, it would ſeem, that the name of a rent-roll has more charms than the reality. The landlord takes into his own management a parcel of miſerable fields, infamous on account of their barrenneſs. Like a horſe jockey, who has got a battered old ſtager to diſpoſe of, he feeds it up, and ſmooths its ſurface, till ſome needy credulous being, captivated by its plump and ſleek outſide, bargains for it at an exorbitant rate. He breaks it up; like the jockey's nag, it can bear no labour; it quickly ſinks

into its priſtine inſignificance. The tenant becomes inſolvent, and his wretched family is reduced to beggary.

Gentlemen of ample fortunes, liberal principles, and, in every other reſpect, of amiable characters, ſeem to be impelled by a ſpecies of *furor*, for the increaſe of their rent-roll. Whilſt they practiſe humanity and generoſity in every other relation in life, they are inexorable to their tenants: Their outfields, though incapable of any degree of fecundity, except what muſt be imported at an expence above their purchaſe value, muſt be incloſed and improved, and then rented beyond what they can bear; and all this, that the rental may be raiſed in the gentleman's *own time*, and his ſuperior ſagacity in improvements may be tranſmitted to future generations. *Naturam ſi furco expellas, tamen ipſa recurret.* You may force crops at an enormous expence from ſlight and weak ſoils, but your labour will be loſt; unleſs by reiterated efforts, and the ſuperinduction of adventitious manures, you prevail to thicken the ſoil, and beſtow upon it a ſtrength and conſiſtency adequate to the purpoſe of cropping.—A work of time, which a perpetuity of poſſeſſion ſcarcely can vindicate. Nor can even a proprietor juſtify ſuch management, if there remains to him one valuable field which has not been cultivated to the utmoſt.

Perhaps I ought not to ſay to you, that the rage of improvement, which hath ſeized our landed gentlemen, appears to me to be ominous to our country. They will compel their tenants to improve their fields, without allowing them either the means or time neceſſary to the execution of an undertaking that muſt be carried on by ſlow, and ſcarce perceptible gradations. Novelties never have rapidly been introduced into any ſociety with ſucceſs. Inveterate habits are not to be ſuperſeded without the higheſt exertions of addreſs and diſcretion.

You cannot, without contempt and indignation, obſerve the preſent mode of improvement practiſed by our fine gentlemen. You muſt condemn thoſe additional rents which they extort from their tenants, without knowing or enquiring whether they are able, by any method of culture in their power, to afford to pay them. You muſt ſurvey countries deſolated by ſuch rapacity with the deepeſt concern. Our young gentlemen of fortune, truſting to the exhauſtleſs treaſures laid up in their paternal acres, let themſelves go with that torrent of diſſipation which overſpreads our country, and threatens an extinction of every generous and juſt ſentiment, and abandon their tenants to the uſurpation of a chamberlain, who conſiders the proſperity of the huſbandman in the light of an imputation on his own penetration and importance. Some quack projector is recommended as an expert farmer: The lands by him are meaſured, divided, diſtributed into breaks, and dealt out into farms. To flatter the ruling paſſion of his employer, is the buſineſs of the empiric; therefore an exorbitant rent is impoſed on the farms, and the old tenants muſt ſubmit, and break in a ſhort time, or baniſh themſelves, their wives and children into cities and towns, there to be ſuffocated in ſmoke and population! Thus do the men, who are the natural guardians and patrons of rural induſtry and virtue, promote the population and productive labour of their country; and ſuch are the bleſſed effects of that paſſion for improvements, which, if well directed, might operate the moſt ſalutary effects.

Gentlemen of fortune may, by art and induſtry, convert patches of barren land in the vicinity of their manſions, into fruitful fields; but it is not for our narrow circumſtances to effect ſuch great marvels. Few of us are blind to the value of every piece of good land in our poſſeſſion: Nor will any of us fail to cultivate it in proportion to his abilities, and the encouragement given him to beſtow upon it his time and labour. But hampered as we are by ſhort leaſes and payments in kind, we muſt not beſtow our time and labour on improvements which cannot turn out to our emolument. This at leaſt is the plan of conduct eſſential to him who is ambitious of approving himſelf a careful

HUSBANDMAN.

Eſſay on the Morality of the Stage.

To the PRINTER, *&c.*

SIR,

I HAVE long been convinced of the great utility of theatres, and the excellent tendency of ſtage morality, to correct the pedantic notions of religious and philoſophical bigotry. Without theſe public ſchools of decency and virtue, it is ſcarcely credible that this nation would have ſo completely ſhaken off the preju-

dices of antiquity, and made ſuch rapid advances towards perfection, both in politeneſs and manners. For whatever ideas we may entertain of the purity, ſublimity, and importance of the Chriſtian religion, it is very certain that the Divine Author of it ſeemed much more ſolicitous to promote the common happineſs of the ſpecies, than to adapt his precepts to the delicate and refined ideas of perſons of faſhion. This is ſo obvious in every part, that I wonder the candid and learned Mr Gibbons has omitted to inſert this capital defect amongſt the other objections which he has produced againſt it. It muſt indeed be owned by the ſincereſt friends of revelation, that, however well this ſyſtem may ſeem adapted to moderate the paſſions, or warm the heart; however capable of producing the moſt beneficial effects upon human ſociety, it is utterly inconſiſtent with the uſages of genteel life. And although innumerable inſtances of the moſt elevated virtue, diſintereſtedneſs, and humanity, may be ſelected from the annals of the Chriſtian religion, I much doubt whether it has ever formed a ſingle fine gentleman or lady.

It is no wonder therefore, nor no reproach to the ſtage, that the principles it inculcates have in general a tendency very different from what we have been mentioning. Indeed, as far as I am capable of making the compariſon, the doctrines of the theatre and the eſtabliſhed religion are at continual variance. The one inculcates the neceſſity of maintaining a perpetual guard againſt the ſurprizes of the paſſions; the other the more liberal doctrines of gratifying every caprice without heſitation or remorſe. By the one we are taught to forgive even our enemies; by the other to murder our friends, whenever they are troubleſome or impertinent. The one inſpires moderation in reſpect to our wants or inclinations, but unbounded liberality towards our fellow-creatures; the other teaches us continual attention to every thing which affects ourſelves, joined with perfect indifference to the reſt of the ſpecies. If any one ſhould doubt the juſtice of theſe remarks, I beg leave to refer him to the works of thoſe great maſters of the dramatic art, Dryden, Behn, Farquhar, Congreve, Vanburgh, and Wycherley, where, I am much deceived, if, among all the heroes and heroines who are held up to public imitation, he can find one whom an impartial jury would even recommend to royal mercy.

The ſtage, like a two edged ſword, has a double method of improving the world, either by the characters it holds up for imitation, or thoſe it expoſes to ridicule and cenſure. And therefore the moral ideas of the author may be very fairly collected from the hero of the piece; that is, the perſonage, who, like an eldeſt ſon, inherits all the wit of the poet, is intended to intereſt the audience, and to carry off the greateſt fortune at laſt. Theſe gentlemen, I have obſerved, are true ſpoilt children; they are gameſters, reprobates, drunkards, ſpendthrifts, and bullies; they are to debauch the wife, and tweak the huſband by the noſe; to make daughters undutiful, or to ſeduce them; to cheat honeſt men out of their eſtates, and in return to laugh at them; and after having entertained the audience in this manner through five acts, inſtead of diſgrace, or correction, a gibbet, a priſon, or even an humble penance in the ſtocks, ſome virtuous woman with a large fortune repairs their circumſtances; ſome kind father forgives them, and the audience is diſmiſſed to imitate and admire ſo reſpectable a model. But if the heroes of dramatic pieces are thus happily adapted to exhibit faſhionable morality in all its glory, the buts and foils, who, by their defects and blunders, are intended to ſwell the triumphs of the hero, are equally well adapted to ridicule thoſe impertinent virtues, which polite people find inconvenient to practiſe themſelves, or to meet with in their creditors or relations. For this reaſon a cruel father, who, after having devoted his whole life to the education of a daughter, does not chuſe to beſtow her upon ſome ruined perſon of quality, a dull ſquire, who has no reliſh for being cuckolded or ruined, and a ſtill duller wife, who, for want of a town education and genteel acquaintance, has no propenſity to either of theſe little indulgencies, are always expoſed to the whole artillery of the author's wit. The audience liſten with infinite edification, and feel a wonderful gratitude towards the wit, who has thus obligingly condeſcended to inſtruct them for a few ſhillings, and entertain a ſovereign contempt for juſtice, moderation, fidelity, œconomy, and every other vulgar quality, which they had hitherto reſpected through the prejudices of education. Is it thus

that the ſtage improves the manners, and may with truth be called the mirror of the age? It is an enchanted mirror, where every one who caſts a tranſitory glance, may ſee every thing he wiſhes. Nature indeed ſeldom ſees *her own image*, unleſs it is to ſee herſelf caricatured, or drooping under the weight of artificial deformity; but folly holds her image magnified and improved, vice beholds her charms without her uglineſs, and that monſter faſhion, who before bluſhed at her own fantaſtic appearance, is reflected under the colours of wiſdom, and the garb of decency.

It is here that the viſions of a ſickly imagination, which the dreamer himſelf dared ſcarcely to conſider, are magnified, condenſed, and acquire a fictitious reality. I have ſeen young women, whom fortune had deſtined to poverty, dependence and labour, converted into women of quality, and aſſume the manners while they were waiting for the dignity. I have ſeen young men, whoſe ſituation required a rigid and unremitting induſtry, metamorphoſed into extravagant ſmatchees of faſhion, and never wake till they were tumbling headlong into deſtruction. I have ſeen modeſt and affectionate wives, by a little alteration, which it is the property of this glaſs to beſtow upon their dreſs and air, ſwelled into ſtrumpets, and ſo pleaſed with the alteration, as never more to put off the character.

I could ſcarcely finiſh, were I to attempt to deſcribe all the wonderful changes which this dramatic mirror is capable of making on human beings. But what we daily perceive is, that it converts vice into virtue, and virtue itſelf into a phantom.

Indeed I have ſometimes entertained ſerious doubts, whether it is entirely for the intereſts of thoſe great perſonages, for whoſe ſervice and amuſement the reſt of the world were created, to admit the vulgar to ſo liberal a participation of their principles. I have ſometimes thought, that it would be better to monopolize the privileges as well as perquiſites of their rank, and to ſuffer the rabble to exiſt contented with their natural prejudices and character. It is highly conſiſtent that a lord ſhould be a diſeaſed profligate, without honeſty or principles, but is it neceſſary that his ſervant or tradeſman ſhould receive the ſame embelliſhments? May not a woman of faſhion enjoy the innocent freedoms of her rank; affectation, gaming, exceſs, and proſtitution, without tainting the minds of her inferiors, and letting looſe the torrent of irreſiſtible corruption?

It is this conſideration which has ſometimes interrupted the pleaſure I always received from our own incomparable ſtage, and made me doubtful of the effects which the elevation of ſo many theatres in our provincial towns may produce amongſt our artizans and manufacturers. Indeed I ſhould ſcarcely have been reconciled to the meaſure, had I not ſeen it patronized by the eſtabliſhed clergy, and particularly by the right reverend bench of biſhops in whoſe ſuperior wiſdom I ſecurely acquieſce.

An Humble Critic.

ESSAYS, Moral *and* Literary.

On the ill Effects of Reading without Digeſting.

An analogy between the powers of the body and the faculties of the mind is obvious in many inſtances. The eye cannot ſurvey a great ſpace with the ſame accuracy with which it views a ſingle object at a nearer diſtance. It takes in the coarſer parts indeed, but comprehends not the more minute, tho' not leſs beautiful appearances? Thus too the mind, when attentive to every part of knowledge, ſeldom attains to perfection in any ſingle ſcience: and daily experience evinces, that the Helluo Librorum, the great reader or devourer of books, who is more ſtudious of quantity than quality, and is led on by the love of novelty rather than of excellence, is rarely learned in an eminent degree.

Adages are commonly true, becauſe founded on experience; "The rolling ſtone gathers no moſs," ſays the Engliſh proverb. To carry on the alluſion, one may add, that while the rolling ſtone is traverſing the whole garden, the ſpade, in a few yards, may gather the valuable produce of a year.

Pliny the younger, who is as remarkable for the juſtneſs of his ſentiments, as for his elegant manner of expreſſing them, has given a hint on this ſubject, which, though compriſed in few words, may be more inſtructive than volumes of advice. After ſome remarks on curſory ſuperficial reading, he ſays, we ſhould be content with few books, and ſtudy them

perfectly. We ſhould read, ſays he, "non multa ſed multum." The epigrammatic turn of the words, fixes the precept ſtronger on the mind, and renders it more eaſy to be retained in the memory.

The powers of the human mind are not ſtrong enough now to acquire knowledge by intuition. This rapid mode of learning truth, is reſerved for beings of a ſuperior order. To gain a complete knowledge of a ſubject in all its parts, it muſt be frequently reviewed, and examined in every light—a proceſs which requires time, labour and attention; none of which will be in his power who haſtily paſſes from ſcience to ſcience, and with too much volatility to admit thought and recollection.

It frequently happens, that men of natural parts are excelled by others, whoſe talents are originally inferior. Nor is this to be attributed to any other cauſe, but to that patience of labour, which is frequently the concomitant of dulneſs, and which proves an ample compenſation for the want of vivacity. A man of ſlow underſtanding can ſtop to inveſtigate obſcurity ſtep by ſtep, till he brings light from darkneſs; can combat difficulties ſeemingly inſurmountable; can repeat the ſame labour without fatigue, and review the ſame ideas without ſatiety: but the volatility of genius affects to paſs over every thing diſguſtful, and voluntarily neglects thoſe ſubjects which it cannot ſee through at a glance. The fable of the Tortoiſe and the Hare is too obviouſly applicable to the preſent ſubject to admit quotation. Could genius check that precipitation, which precludes accurate enquiry and perfect views, it might ſurely be capable of enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge, and of deriving to itſelf all the light of which the mind is ſuſceptible; ſince it is a known truth, that hardly any difficulty is inſurmountable even to induſtrious ſtupidity.

Patiens, when at ſchool, was not remarkable for the brightneſs of his parts, or the ſenſibility of his temper. The compoſitions which he was obliged to bring as exerciſes, were not lively, elegant, or florid, but then they were ſeldom deficient in orthography, or grammar. He never diſliked the labour of ſeeking the words he was unacquainted with in his lexicon: and though he did not comprehend the full meaning and ſpirit of the author he read, he could tell the Engliſh of every word in his leſſon, and trace it through all its grammatical variations. In ſhort, he underwent every kind of literary labour without wearineſs or diſcontent. After all the neceſſary forms of education, he at length entered into the profeſſion of the law.

Velox, one of the contemporaries of Patiens, was fond of learning, and deſirous of excelling in it: but as he was of a quick apprehenſion, he was capable of conſtruing a paſſage at one view, which would coſt Patiens an hour's application. He, therefore, never read his leſſon over twice, but diverted his fancy with the peruſal of light modern publications, ſeveral volumes of which he would devour in a day. Great hopes were entertained of the future eminence of ſo lively a genius. He went to the univerſity, flattered by his friends, and elate with confidence in his own powers: but it ſoon appeared, that he who ſubmitted to ſo little labour while under authority, entirely relinquiſhed ſtudy when at his own diſpoſal. Plato, Ariſtotle, and Epictetus, remained untouched on his ſhelves; but the works of Fielding, Richardſon, Smollet, together with thoſe of every dramatic writer, were conſtantly on his table. If at any time he deigned to caſt an eye over Coke upon Littleton, it was with the ſame levity and precipitation with which he read a monthly magazine. When at laſt he was called to the bar, and the time was come when he was to make his way to eminence by dint of merit, he found himſelf as much a ſtranger to the laws of England as an inhabitant of Otaheite. Chagrined by diſappointment, and weary of learning, which he had never rationally purſued, he gave up all thoughts of riſing in the world, and retired to a ſmall eſtate in the country, where he lived and died an honeſt ſportſman. Patiens in the mean time, though he did not reach the top of his profeſſion, yet, from his known integrity and abilities as a counſellor, he was always ſupplied with a number of briefs, by which he acquired an affluent fortune, and lived univerſally reſpected, as a man of untainted honour, ſtrong ſenſe, and profound learning.

New Character and Anecdotes of HENRY *IV. King of* FRANCE.

WHEN we behold Henry diſplaying undaunted courage, bravery, and

clemency in the field, and giving wife counſels, and adminiſtering juſtice in the cabinet, one cannot but look upon him with eſteem and admiration; but when we follow him cloſely into his private concerns, and obſerve his domeſtic and interior manœuvres, he ſinks, in our opinion, like moſt other great men, who, after all their boaſted wiſdom, and endeavours to be thought ſuperior to the reſt of mankind, are obliged to feel that they are not above the infirmities and weakneſs of human nature. This puts me in mind of what I have heard ſaid formerly of a certain pompous chief magiſtrate, who ſtruck his beholders abroad with awe and terror, while at home, he ſhrunk into a poor, timid, tame animal, on the appearance of his termagant and maſculine wife, who made the ſame man ſenſible of his own inſignificancy, who made the reſt of the world tremble. Thus it was with Henry, who was as weak and irreſolute in reſpect to the government of his own paſſions, and in his domeſtic affairs, as he was firm and valiant in war. It was certainly a very juſt obſervation in one who ſaid, "He muſt be truly a great man who appears ſo in the eyes of his valet de chambre." Henry, who was born to conquer nations, and to govern them, we find was unable to preſerve peace and order in the interior of his own palace. His firſt wife, *Marguerite de Valois*, was not only eſteemed to be the moſt perfect beauty that ever was born, but alſo celebrated for her literary merit, her wit, and eloquence: thus ſhe appears to be at the age of nineteen, when firſt married to Henry. Their felicity was but of ſhort duration, whether owing to the fickleneſs and inconſtancy of Henry's diſpoſition, or to their different opinions in reſpect to religious matters, is not eaſy to determine, as ſhe was ſtrongly bigoted to the Catholic religion, and he was a Huguenot. The queen, in her memoirs, complains bitterly of the ill treatment ſhe met with from Henry and his party upon that account; but this is certain, that Marguerite was guilty of great indiſcretions after her marriage, and gave a looſe to her unbridled conduct. The latter part of her life was full of inconſiſtency. Voluptuous and devout by turns*; ſhe fell into other extravagancies, which ſhe might not perhaps have been guilty of, if Henry had not treated her with ſo much indifference and neglect; and, inſtead of endeavouring to conceal his paſſion for other women, openly exulting in the number of his conqueſts. Such indelicacy, one might add cruelty, on the part of Henry, could not fail of creating contempt and diſguſt in Marguerite, who, in return, gave encouragement to the gallantry of other men.

I ſhall mention one proof of the extreme fickleneſs of Henry's diſpoſition; he conceived a violent paſſion for the Counteſs de Guiche, and lived with her ſome time at Bourdeaux. She had great intereſt, and poſſeſſed a very large fortune, and contributed the moſt of any of his miſtreſſes to the advancement of his glory; ſhe gave him conſiderable ſums of money to carry on the war, beſides procuring men, and every neceſſary ſuccour at her own expence. But the counteſs unfortunately growing a little fatter and a little more florid in countenance than ſuited Henry's taſte, that inconſtant monarch became diſguſted, and left her. Immediately after he went into Normandy, where he ſoon became enamoured of the Marchioneſs de Guercheville, a lady whoſe virtue was equal to her beauty. Henry loved her without ſucceſs, which cauſed him to ſay to her afterwards, "*Que puiſqu'elle etoit veritablement dame d'honneur, elle le ſeroit de la reine ſa femme.*" "Since ſhe was actually a lady of honour, ſhe ſhould be ſo to the queen his wife."

The next beauty which made an impreſſion on the ſenſible heart of that amorous monarch, was Maria de Beauvilliers, daughter to the Count de Saint Aignan; ſhe was abbeſs of Montmartre. This beautiful *religieuſe*, whom the auſterities of a cloiſter had not rendered untractable, was not inſenſible to the com-

* *The ſame inconſiſtency ſubſiſts in France even to this day; I know a lady of high rank now living, who takes it months about, to enjoy her lover and her devotion. All April ſhe is ſhut up with her confeſſor, in May with her lover; in June ſhe writes letters to the Virgin Mary, in July ſhe receives letters from her* Cicisbeo. *This is really a living character in France, and, excluſive of the correſpondence with the Virgin, is not an uncommon character in that kingdom, where the main ſtreſs of the clergy is to have the rules of the church obſerved, and then to diſregard all others.*

pliments which were paid her by that valiant prince. Henry conducted his new miſtreſs to Senlis, and though he boaſted highly of her charms, and confeſſed to the Duke de Bellegarde, that he preferred her to all the women he had ever ſeen, yet he no ſooner heard of the incomparable beauty of Gabrielle de Eſtrees, than he grew ſick of the beautiful abbeſs, whom he wiſhed back again in her cloiſter. Henry loved paſſionately, though not with conſtancy. Gabrielle de Eitrees was perhaps the only one of all his miſtreſſes who was able to retain, unrivalled, the fickle heart of Henry; he had even reſolved to marry her; for which reaſon he ſtrongly ſolicited the Pope to annul his marriage with Marguerite de Valois, and gave againſt her the famous manifeſto, which contains the hiſtory of that princeſs's licentiouſneſs. Gabrielle was immediately created a marchioneſs, and ſoon after Ducheſs of Beaufort. She had now but one ſtep more to be ſeated on the throne of France, when death put a period to her vanity and ambition. Moſt hiſtorians agree, that her days were terminated by poiſon, which is not at all improbable. Here Henry was made a dupe to his paſſion, for it was well known to all the court, that ſhe really loved the Duke de Bellegarde, and had given him every proof in her power of her affection; and that it was ambition, not love, which made her yield to Henry's addreſſes. The following letter is a ſtrong proof of Henry's blind affection for the ducheſs: "My deareſt love, two hours after the arrival of this, you will ſee a man who loves you with unlimited affection, who is called King of France and Navarre, titles which are certainly moſt highly honourable, though troubleſome; but that of your lover is moſt delicious: all three together are certainly deſirable: however bitter I may ſometimes find the ſauce, I am determined to yield them up to no one. I am extremely happy to find that you love my filles; I look upon that to be one proof you give me of your favour, which I hold dearer than my life, which, I confeſs, is not indifferent to me."

The ſudden death of the ducheſs greatly afflicted Henry, in ſo much, that his favourites thought it neceſſary to find out ſome new beauty, by way of diſpelling the gloom which hung on their maſter's brow. With this view, they engaged Henry to hunt near Malherbe, a ſeat belonging to the Marquis d'Entragues. This nobleman had two daughters who were uncommonly beautiful and accompliſhed. Madame d'Entragues, who was a very artful cunning woman, and who poſſeſſed more ambition than virtue, had heard that the king's hunting near her ſeat was a deſigned thing, and thought it beſt for her to make the firſt overture. As ſoon as ſhe was informed that the king was at a convenient diſtance from her houſe, ſhe ſent a polite meſſage to Henry, intreating him to partake of ſome refreſhment at her houſe, after his return from the hunt. The king, who was already prepoſſeſſed in favour of her eldeſt daughter from report, willingly fell into the ſnare that was laid for him, and found Mademoiſelle d'Entragues even ſuperior to the portrait which had been given him, which induced this amorous prince to ſtay ſome days at Malherbe. Mademoiſelle d'Entragues profited ſo well by the inſtructions ſhe had received from her mother, that ſhe played her part with great ſucceſs. Henry was ſo intoxicated with his paſſion, that he even promiſed his miſtreſs a bond wherein he would be engaged to marry her in a year, if ſhe brought him a ſon. Immediately after this he met Sully, to whom he ſhewed the bond in queſtion, and begged him to ſpeak his ſentiments freely. Sully, inſtead of making any reply, tore the paper in pieces. The king, ſurpriſed at his aſſurance, ſaid to him angrily, "I believe you are mad, Sully:" To which Sully very gravely replied, "I wiſh, Sire, that I was the only one in your kingdom who was." The king, who was ſenſible of the juſtneſs of his miniſter's rebuke, made no reply, but retired immediately to his cloſet to draw up another.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

CHARACTER *of the preſent* POPE PIUS VI.

JOHN ANGELO BRASCHI, the preſent Pontiff, is about ſixty years of age, and deſcended from one of the moſt antient and illuſtrious families in the Romagna. His perſon is tall and majeſtic, a little inclined to corpulency; his complexion leſs ſallow than is uſual in that country; his eyes full of fire and penetration; and on his whole countenance is ſtrongly imprinted a character of en-

thuſiaſm mellowed by age, meditation, and prayer. In oppoſition to the ſtrongeſt remonſtrances of his family, which held ſuch a ſtep far beneath his birth, he very early in life entered into the order of St Francis; and for many years lived in the deepeſt retirement of a convent at Ravenna, a city very near the place of his birth. There he not only conformed to all the minute exerciſes of devotion preſcribed by the rules of his order, but proſecuted alſo a courſe of theological ſtudies with ſuch intenſe application, that he has been frequently known to paſs whole nights in the library, has left his books to attend matins, and returned again to them till the hour of dinner; between which repaſt and veſpers was his uſual time for relaxation. Nor did he confine his ſtudies to ſcholaſtic learning alone, but improved his mind and elocution, naturally fluent and forcible, by a careful peruſal of the beſt Italian and Latin hiſtorians, together with the rhetorical works of Tully and Quinctilian, whom he now calls "the beſt Guides to the Papal Chair." Though apparently loſt to all wordly plans and deſires, Braſchi had in reality too much ambition to think of paſſing his whole life in the gloom of a cloiſter or the duſt of a library. Ambition was the ruling, and perhaps the only paſſion of his ſoul: he had all along reſolved to raiſe his fortune and his fame; and he fortunately thought an exemplary life, immenſe learning and a commanding eloquence, the ſureſt means of attaining that end. As ſoon as he believed himſelf qualified to preach with the effect and ſucceſs he deſired, he took every opportunity of mounting in the pulpit; when the manner and matter of his diſcourſes rendered his name ſo celebrated, that he was ſoon taken notice of by Cardinal Coſcia, then biſhop of Urbino, the prime favourite and counſellor of Benedict XIII. His new patron took him into his houſe as a private ſecretary, and his great knowledge and diligence, joined to a ſingular ſpirit of method in buſineſs, enabled him to tranſact a variety of affairs in the court of Rome perfectly to the ſatisfaction of his employer. Nothing can be a ſtronger proof of his ability and merit, than his eſcaping the general odium and perſecution that fell upon Cardinal Coſcia after the death of Benedict XIII. Braſchi continued in employment, and grew in favour under the ſucceeding Pontificate; finally, in the year 1773, the late Pope Clement XIV. raiſed him to the dignity of cardinal. Next to ambition, his mind, naturally of a ſerious caſt, and mortified by the diſcipline of a monaſtic life, ſeems to be ſuſceptible of the impreſſions of piety and devotion. In his youth his religion, both as he preached and practiſed it, was tinctured with a ſtrong degree of ſeverity. At preſent his partiſans would have us believe it is mitigated into the meekneſs, charity, and patience, of pure genuine Chriſtianity. He himſelf ardently wiſhes to confirm this opinion, to rival the mild moderation of his predeceſſor, and to be honoured as a friend to principles of toleration. But the choice of his friends, his favourites, and even his own behaviour, will not ſuffer this impoſition to paſs upon the world. As to the laſt, it is worth obſerving, that though his ſervices under three Pontificates muſt neceſſarily have taught him ſome ſkill in diſſimulation, yet ſo deeply is an averſion to hereſy rooted in his heart, that when any foreigners of the reformed perſuaſion have been admitted to a converſation where Cardinal Braſchi has happened to come in, he has betrayed evident marks of diſguſt, and ſhowed a ſtrong impatience for them to retire or to withdraw himſelf. Luckily for mankind his bigotry can do no harm in an age like this; and as his ambition muſt be now fully gratified, he will find leiſure and opportunities of exerciſing the the goodneſs of his head and the virtues of his heart: for virtues he has, and of the moſt uſeful kind. Free from all taint of avarice, he ſeems always to have conſidered his fortune as a depoſit intruſted to him for the laudable purpoſes of charity and generoſity. Irreproachable as to the moſt important and difficult point of morality, ſlander itſelf cannot charge him with a ſingle act of incontinency; that vice, ſo diſgraceful, ſo particularly ſinful in a Romiſh eccleſiaſtic, and yet ſo common in many of his predeceſſors. Since he has been veſted with ſovereign authority, he has ever ſhewn himſelf diſpoſed to adminiſter juſtice in mercy. He has taken many wiſe precautions to have the laws more impartially and vigorouſly executed than they have uſually been in the Papal territories. Unacquainted with every kind of pleaſure and amuſement, his life is divided between the religious and political duties of his ſtation: and if the happi-

neſs of a people depends upon the vigilance and integrity of its ſovereign, the Romans may expect to be happy under the pontificate of Pius VI.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

This comes from a company of young Ladies who have a taſte for literature. We are very well pleaſed with the deſign of the *Chearful* Society in your laſt, and would be proud to *copy after their example.* We have perhaps no great reaſon to with to appear in print; but reſolved for once to make a trial; and though we are far from the preſumption of attempting to rival the *Chearful* Society, yet, if you will indulge with a place in your Magazine, the following eſſay on the ſame ſubject with theirs, you will greatly oblige ſeveral of your

Conſtant Readers.

On CHEARFULNESS.

MEN of auſtere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and diſſolute for a ſtate of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and inſolence of heart that is inconſiſtent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greateſt dangers. Chearfulneſs of mind is not liable to any of theſe exceptions, as it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the preſent ſtate of humanity. A chearful perſon comes with a reliſh to all thoſe goods which nature has provided, taſtes all the pleaſures of the creation, and does not feel the full weight of accidental evils. A woman finds herſelf pleaſed, ſhe knows not why, with the chearfulneſs of her companion. It is like a ſudden funſhine, that awakens a ſecret delight in her mind without her attending to it. She rejoices of her own accord, and naturally flows out in friendſhip and benevolence towards the perſon who has ſo kindly an effect upon her. Chearfulneſs is likewiſe a kind of acquieſcence in the ſtate wherein we are placed, and a ſecret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards us. Health and chearfulneſs mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we ſeldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain chearfulneſs, but very often ſee chearfulneſs where there is no great degree of health. Chearfulneſs bears the ſame friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It baniſhes all anxious care and diſcontent, ſoothes and compoſes the paſſions, and keeps the ſoul in a perfect calm. If we conſider the world in ſubſerviency to mankind, one would think it was made for our uſe; but if we conſider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would think it was made for our pleaſure. The ſun, which is the great ſoul of the univerſe, and produces all the neceſſaries of life, has a particular influence in chearing the mind and making the heart glad. Thoſe ſeveral living creatures which are made for our ſervice and ſuſtenance, at the ſame time either fill the woods with their muſic, furniſh us with game, or raiſe pleaſing ideas in us by the delightfulneſs of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreſhing to the imagination as to the ſoils through which they paſs, and the green colour with which the earth is covered, has always been diſtinguiſhed by poets, by the epithet of *Chearfulneſs.* In ſhort, the whole univerſe is a kind of theatre, filled with objects that either raiſe in us pleaſure, amuſement, or admiration.

Advantages of the Americans over Mercenary Troops.

To the PRINTER, *&c.*

SIR,

WHEN our miniſters began the preſent conteſt with America, they fell into an error, which proved that they were entirely unacquainted with the true ſtate of that country. They eſtimated the forces of America as they would have done that of an European ſtate; without attending to the widely differing manners of the inhabitants.

In Europe, the people have been ſo long accuſtomed to maintain armies to fight their battles, that they have loſt every idea of fighting for themſelves; few of them indeed have any thing left worth fighting for. In this country, the people are in a manner debarred the uſe of fire-arms by our game-laws: but in America the people are accuſtomed to fire-arms from their infancy; and that they are both able and willing to uſe them in their own defence, we have lately had a moſt convincing proof—a circular letter, deſiring "every man to turn out with his gun and a month's provi-

ſons," ſufficed to draw together the brave and hardy militia, at whoſe feet Burgoyne and his regular troops laid down their arms.

When an army can be ſo eaſily formed, how is it poſſible to ſend from Europe a ſufficient number of troops to conquer a country, containing at leaſt 600,000 men able to carry arms, and where every man is a ſoldier?

Notwithſtanding what has happened, we ſhall ſtill, perhaps, be told of the wonderful effects of diſcipline, and of the great difference between the regular troops and militia. Our miniſters ſpeak of diſcipline, as if there were ſome magic in it. They are either ignorant of its real uſes, or they are afraid to tell us what they are.

In the mercenary armies of Europe, it is abſolutely neceſſary to train up the ſoldiers (by the conſtant obſervance of a thouſand trifling forms) to ſuch an habit of obedience, that they may at laſt conceive nothing to be ſo difficult, or dangerous, as to diſobey their officers. Without this, they never could be led to action, having no attachment to the cauſe in which they fight; but the Americans, who fight for every thing that is dear to freemen, ſtand in no need of ſo rigid a ſubordination; all that is requiſite for them, is ſuch a confidence in their officers as may induce them to follow their directions: enthuſiaſm does more than ſupply the reſt.

The next great uſe of diſcipline, is to teach that order and regularity which is neceſſary to prevent confuſion in the movement of large bodies of troops. The Americans can have but little uſe for this kind of diſcipline. The face of the country, broken by woods, rivers, moraſſes, and other natural difficulties, is ſuch, that it can rarely be neceſſary to act in large bodies; and when it is, the movement of thoſe bodies muſt depend more on a perfect knowledge of the country, than on any ſkill in military manœuvres; a knowledge in which their officers are more likely to excel than ours; but if the art of manœuvring was abſolutely neceſſary to them, every officer who has ſeen the Pruſſian army with a ſcientific eye, knows that peaſants from the plough may be taught in a week to manœuvre with all the rapidity and uſeful accuracy of Pruſſians.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

To the PRINTER, *&c.*

SIR,

A CONVIVIAL circle of perſons of diſtinction aſſembled a few days ſince in Groſvenor-ſquare, to uſher in the new-year, where, after dinner, it was diſputed for ſome time,——"What author had drawn the moſt numerous and finiſhed likeneſſes of mankind!"——An old faſhioned peer, the noble owner of the hotel, contended for *Shakeſpeare;* but the whole groupe diſſented, by obſerving, that his portraits were obſolete, and more *caricatures* than characters. Piqued at this extraordinary judgment, the venerable nobleman went immediately to his library, and returning with a large folio edition of his favourite poet, informed the company, that a whim had juſt ſtruck him, which would probably decide the diſpute; deſiring at the ſame time, that each of the party would write the names of their moſt intimate friends, as well as their own, upon ſmall ſlips of paper, which he further requeſted might be dropped promiſcuouſly into the volume; at the various places, he ſhould carefully ſee whether the *dead Painter of Nature* would not be able to hit off a *living likeneſs* or two out of the number.—His requeſt being complied with, the book was indiſcriminately opened ſeveral times before all preſent, when the annexed names, to the aſtoniſhment of the *faſhionable infidels,* were found lying upon the following paſſages.—Our correſpondent will not vouch for the *likeneſſes*, but ſuch as they are, preſents them to the *Beau Monde*, under the title of

Modern Characters by SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs CREWE.

Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one—there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor, rude world
Hath not her fellow——

Merch. of Ven. Act III.

Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

——Take phyſic, pomp!
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew that heav'n's more juſt!

Lear, Act III.

Lady WARREN.

You ſeem to be as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaſte as is the bud 'ere it be blown;
But you are more intemp'rate in your blood
Than *Venus!* Much ado, Act IV.

Duke of BOLTON.

Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your father's cow,
And got a *Calf*, in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you—for you have juſt his bleat!—— Ditto, Act V.

Lord TOWNSHEND.

If I have not forgotten what the inſide of a church is made of—I am a pepper-corn—a brewer's horſe!—The inſide of a church!—Company, villainous company, hath been the ſpoil of me.
Henry IV. Part I. Act III.

Lord MELBOURNE.

Will you have me lady?
——No, my lord, unleſs I might have another for working-days.—Your Grace is too coſtly to wear every day.
Much ado, Act II.

Lord GROSVENOR.

——Heaven made him, and therefore let him paſs for man!——
Merch. of Ven. Act I.

General BURGOYNE.

He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe like an honeſt man, and a ſoldier; and now he's turned *Orthographer;* his words are a fantaſtical banquet.
Much ado, Act II.

Lord BOLINGBROKE.

——By your leave, ſweet ladies!
If I chance to talk wild, forgive me:—
I had it from my father.—He was very mad,
And kiſs'd you twenty with a breath,
As I do now!— Hen. VIII. Act I.

Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

See where he ſteals!—Told I you not, Benvolio,
That we ſhould find this melancholy walker
Lock'd in ſome gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary ſilence? Rom. & Jul. Act I.

Lord HARRINGTON.

When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radiſh, with a head fantaſtically carved upon it with a knife;—he was ſo forlorn, that his dimenſions to any thick ſight were inviſible;—the genius of famine! and lecherous as a monkey. Hen. IV. Part. II. Act III.

Lord CAMDEN.

—— When he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
And ſteals his ſweet and honied ſentences! Hen. V. Act I.

Lord LE DESPENCER.

Come ſing me a *bawdy ſong*, to make me merry. I was once as virtuouſly given as a gentleman need be,—went to a bawdy-houſe not above once a quarter of an hour!—but now I live out of all order and compaſs! Hen. IV. Part. I. Act III.

Ducheſs of DEVONSHIRE.

Oh, ſhe doth teach the torches how to ſhine!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheeks of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear.
Rom. and Jul. Act I.

Sir W. W. WYNNE.

Bardolph! am not I fallen away vilely ſince this laſt action?—Do not I bate?—Do I not dwindle?—why, my ſkin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown!—I am withered like an apple-john!
Hen. IV. Part I. Act I.

Lady H. STANHOPE.

Could *he* get me? Sir Robert could not do it! we know his handy-work; therefore, good mother, to whom am I indebted for theſe limbs?—Sir Robert never helped to make this leg!
K. John, Act I.

Lord HARCOURT.

His breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; that very moment
Conſideration, like an angel, came
And whipt th' offending Adam out of him. Hen. VI. Act I.

Lady SEFTON.

—— I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace. Cymb. Act III.

Sir J. MAWBEY.

His reaſons are as *two grains* of wheat, hid in two buſhels of chaff. You ſhall ſeek all day 'ere you find them, and when you have found them, they are not worth the ſearch. Merch. of Ven. Act I.

Lady Dowager HOWE.

That I could ſhift my ſex, and dye me deep
In their oppoſers' blood!—But as I may,
With *woman's* weapons, piety and pray'rs,
I'll aid their cauſe. Lear, Act V.

Lord COVENTRY.

Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart, and me,
Hold thee, my ſon, for ever!
Lear, Act I.

Her MAJESTY.

Thy moſt amazing excellence ſhall be
Fame's triumph in ſucceeding ages; when
Thy bright example ſhall adorn the ſcene,
And teach the world *perfection!*
Ditto, Act III.

Marquis of L-----N.

Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd,
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble-land at harveſt-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb
He held a pouncet-box!
Hen. IV. Part. I. Act I.

Lord BRISTOL.

He hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of an Engliſhman, and ſwore he would pay him again when he was able!
Merch. of Ven. Act I.

Sir T. FRANKLAND.

——— Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous!
Ditto, Act IV.

Lady TOWNSHEND.

Alas! what would the wretched Edgar with
The more unfortunate Cordelia?
Who, in obedience to a father's will,
Flies from her Edgar's arms to Burgundy!
Lear, Act I.

Lord SUFFOLK.

The gentleman is learn'd;—a moſt rare ſpeaker,
To Nature none more bound; but he, my lady,
Hath into monſtrous habits put the *Graces*
That once were his!
Hen. VIII. Act I.

Lord PLYMOUTH.

Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking old ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches in the afternoon,—that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'ſt truly know.
Hen. IV. Part I. Act I.

Lord RAVENSWORTH.

—— Darkneſs and devils!
Saddle my horſes! call my train together!
Degenerate viper, I'll not trouble thee!
Lear, Act I.

Lady L. M'D——D.

——— Hence, baſhful *cunning!*
And prompt me, plain and holy *innocence!*
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant
Whether you will or no!
Tempeſt, Act III.

Lady G. MACKENZIE.

Love, heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
This love feel I, but ſuch my froward fate,
That there I love where moſt I ought to hate!
Rom. and Jul. Act I.

Lord EDGECUMBE.

Why love forſwore me in my mother's womb!
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh! monſtrous thought!
Rich. III. Act I.

Lady B. TOLLEMACHE.

—— But who dare tell her ſo?
She'd mock me into air! O ſhe would laugh me
Out of myſelf! preſs me to death with *wit!*
Much Ado, Act III.

Lord SANDWICH.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans!
Merch. of Ven. Act I.

Lord ARCHER.

He hears merry tales, and ſmiles not; I fear he will prove the *weeping philoſopher* when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth.
Ditto,—ditto.

Lord M——H.

Ay, that's a *dolt* indeed; for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe: and he makes it a great appropriation that he can ſhoe him himſelf; I am much afraid, my lady, his mother play'd foul with a *Smith.*
Ditto,—ditto,

Mrs MAHON.

Too low for a high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe; only this commendation can I

afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome.

Much Ado, Act I.

Lord K——Y.

O thou art a perpetual triumph! an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me many thousand merks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as cheap as the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that *Salamander* of your's with fire any time this two and thirty years;—Heav'n reward me for't!

Hen. IV. Part I. Act III.

Lord AMHERST.

Where's Glo'ster now, that us'd to head the fray,
And scour the ranks where deadliest dangers lay?
How like a shepherd in a lonely shade,
Idle, unarm'd and listning to the fight!

Lear, Act V.

Lady M-----SON.

——— The full sum of me
Is, an unlession'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd.
Happy in this; she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happiest of all,
That she commit herself to you to be directed.

Merch. of Ven. Act II.

Countess of DERBY.

Oh, were those eyes in heav'n!
They'd thro' the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were the morn!

Rom. and Jul. Act II.

Caricature of the present Age.

MOST ages of the world have been distinguished by some peculiar appellation, expressive of the character of those who flourished in them. The Greeks and Romans, or at least their Poets, had their golden, their silver, their brazen, and their iron age. The age of Augustus is another name for the age of polite literature. The ages of ignorance and barbarism succeeded the fall of the Roman empire. The time of the crusades was in Europe the age of chivalry and romantic gallantry; and the age of Lewis the Fourteenth in France, and of Queen Anne in England, were the periods when learning was carried to the highest perfection in these two kingdoms.

What is the characteristic of the present age, and of the English nation in particular, will probably be determined in a different manner by different persons; but, in my opinion, it may be called the age of ostentation. Nor is this spirit of shew and parade, for which we are so remarkable, confined to our dress, our equipage, our tables, and the like trivial circumstances, but it has even infected our seminaries of learning, at least so far as relates to the conferring of academical honours.

What I allude to is the vast multiplication of doctors, that has taken place within this half century last past. Formerly the name of doctor and that of physician were synonimous terms; and whenever he heard the doctor mentioned, it was always supposed to mean the physician. But now nothing would be more false than this kind of inference. We have now not only doctors of medicine, but doctors of divinity, doctors of law, and even doctors of music; so that, were a person of the last age to revive, and make the tour of England, he would, from the eternal repetition of doctor, imagine, that the people were infected with some epidemical distemper, and that there was hardly a family in the kingdom where the aid of the physician was not indispensibly necessary.

THE LEARNED INSENSIBLE.

An Anecdote addressed to the Ladies.

WHILE the learned Francis Morell was busy in preparing his edition of Libanius for the press, he was told that his wife was suddenly taken ill: "I have but two or three periods, said Morell, to translate, and then I will come to her presently:" A little while after he was informed that she was dying: "I have no more than two words to write; I'll be with her immediately." Presently they brought him word that she was dead; with great calmness the pedant declared, "He was very sorry, for she was really a mighty good woman."

BON MOT.

JUST before General Burgoyne sailed, he told Charles Fox, that, in less than a year, he would see him back with America at his feet. I shall see you, replied Charles, within a year, I doubt not, *but it will be with your hands tied behind you.* This is a fact verified with a witness, indeed.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

On TIME: *Or an Ode for the New-Year.*

——*Ver proterit æstas*
Interitura simul
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit; inde
Brumæ recurrit iners. HOR.

STILL posting on the wings of time,
The sun begins a new career;
And mounting from the southern clime,
Bids us salute the rising year.
The seasons roll: from winter's snow,
In spring we come to plow and sow;
The summer glows, the harvest crowns
Our toil; again cold winter frowns.

Say, what is Time? Time is a stream
Of years, cut out by sun and moon;
Man is a barge, who, in the same,
Still hastens with the current down.
Sometimes we pass thro' summer flow'rs,
Sometimes amidst cold wint'ry show'rs;
Now where each tree begins to bud,
Now thro' a leafless hoary wood.

But still borne down the stream we post,
Each year, each hour we change our ground;
Until the stream of time is lost
In one eternal ocean drown'd.
Immense, unchang'd, where seasons cease,
No summers glow, no winters freeze;
But time becomes one constant ray,
No night succeeds th' eternal day.

Here, as spectators in the pit,
We see the curtain rise and fall;
Well pleas'd with changing scenes, we sit
'Till the last curtain covers all.
But there one constant blaze of light,
Ne'er clouded by the sable night,
Bids us enjoy one happy scene,
The curtain ne'er to fall again.

Since therefore life is but a play,
One year an act, come let us join;
This interlude we freely may
Pass all in mirth, and wit, and wine.
A modest glass will never cloy,
To wish our king and country joy;
Come, drink to all in ev'ry age,
Fam'd actors on the British stage.

W. J——.

On the present State of GREAT BRITAIN.

NOW trembling on the brink of fate
Britain's devoted empire stands;
How blest the hand could prop her state,
The power could stay her rushing sands!

Genius of Britain! guardian power!
Hast thou thy sacred charge resign'd?
Is now arriv'd her fated hour?
And is there no resource behind?

Ye boastful patriots, us'd to rail,
Obtrusive, in your country's claim,
Now is the time to prove your zeal,
And shew you feel a patriot's flame.

Or, if you still for int'rest bawl,
Only to share your country's spoils;
Yet save her, while she has withall
To pay you for your *godlike* toils.

For, should fierce discord's rage deface
Her once admir'd majestic form,
The sever'd frame must soon give place
To fate, and sink beneath the storm.

Those fine proportions, which adorn
And knit her frame being lost and torc,
Th' insulting foes become a scorn,
She falls, and falls to rise no more!

Then let each heart, that still can boast
One glimm'ring spark of patriot fire,
Diffuse the flame, 'ere all be lost,
And even hope itself expire.

Let party feuds and discord cease,
Suspend each foul, domestic jar;
Seize! seize th' important hour of peace!
Chain up the madd'ning rage of war.

Peace now remains the sole resource
To save Britannia's sinking state,
T' arrest destruction's rapid course,
And stem the torrent of our fate.

Let ev'ry truly British heart
Each mercenary view disclaim;
And act the godlike patriot's part,
And win a patriot's sacred name.

O Pitt! so late thy country's pride,
To thee she turns her wishful eye;
O throw each partial aim aside,
And hear thy trembling country's cry.

Thy bold persuasive strains exert,
The scales of Britain's fate to turn;
To public zeal rouse ev'ry heart,
Make ev'ry patriot bosom burn.

When others wave the olive wand,
View'd with disdain, 'tis spurn'd away;
But should it grace thy magic hand,
All would with pride admit its sway.

Each fruitful branch must else be tore,
And Britain's blasted trunk remain,
The dread of distant foes no more,
Nore more the terror of the main.

MONITOR.

The CHRISTMAS RECESS. *A* POEM.

THE doors are clos'd; heard ye the ſound
Loud echoing thro' the dome?
Numbers with fancy'd glory crown'd,
Are gone triumphant home!

Peers, placemen, patriots, all are flown
Where other ſcenes invite;
Nor need the grave ones wiſh to own
The charms of ſweet delight.

What tho', like coy young maids, ſome few
Seem'd what they wiſh'd to ſhun *;
Like *them*, we may behold 'em too
As ſwift t' embrace it run.

"Hoſtilities at leaſt ſhall ceaſe"—
With ſilence N—th is bleſt;
And thund'ring B——ke is huſh'd to peace,
And A—don's at reſt!

Such glorious rivals now retir'd,
The battle well may pauſe,
Till theſe, with vigour re-inſpir'd,
Again ſhall claim applauſe.

Now, while the ſeaſon calls to drown
The politician's care,
The bowl to quaff, the feaſt to crown,
And hail our Engliſh fare:

Say, will the courtier nicely ſit,
On parties to refine;
Or will the patriot's *keener* wit
Refuſe the ſmoaking chine!

Ceres and Bacchus both forbid!
The wrinkled brow auſtere
Muſt ſometimes in ſmooth ſmiles be hid,
And ceaſe to be ſevere;

Secure from Trans-Atlantic foes,
While reſts each able chief,
Whate'er they take, full well each knows
They cannot take his beef.

Peace to the guardians of our ſtate!
Where'er they now regale,
May concord ſweet, with joy elate,
In all their feaſts prevail!

So heav'n prolong great George's ſway,
And bleſs our patriots all;
And grant to thoſe adjourn'd this day,
No worſe a king befal!

ARCAS.

* *Alluding to the oppoſition made by ſome members to the adjournment.*

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

An ADDRESS *in* SCOTS, *on the Decay of that Language.*

AULD honeſt SCOTIA's ſlighted fair,
Her plain guid ſpeech can pleaſe nae mair,
But we're new-fangled I'll declare,
And that's our ſhame,
For we're ay ſeekin things that's rare,
And far frae hame.

We had our bards in days o' yore,
Wha in poetic flights cou'd ſoar,
And wi' their pipes made ilka ſhore
Fu' ſweetly ſound;
But our ain lays are now no more
In Scotia found.

Our DRUMMONDS and MONTGOM'RYS then
Were perfect maſters o' the pen,
Our DOUGLASSES and RAMSAYS, men
O' rareſt merit,
Wha chanted ay in pawky ſtrain
Wi' canty ſpirit.

Young FERGUSSON, in our ain days,
Began to ſing in hameil lays,
But bright and fleeting as a blaze
He left the warl'.
O he, dear ſwain! exceeds a' praiſe
O' wiſe or carl.

Alack a-day, ſin he is gone,
Dear Scotia now in vain will moan;
Naething can for his loſs attone
Her heart to hight;
Wi' him the muſes ev'ry one
Hae ta'en their flight.

There's nae Mæcenas o' this age,
That looes the Caledonian page,
Nane but wad riſe into a rage
Gin ony ſwain
Wou'd dare to ſeek their patronage
To hamely ſtrain.

But wharefore this pride now-a-days,
And why forſake our ain ſweet lays?
It is enough to gar fouk gaze,
And wonder fair,
To hear that Scotſmen ſae diſpraiſe
Their guid auld lear.

Tho' ſouthern lads hae ſweetly ſung,
Sic as a Milton, Pope, or Young,
We need na quit our mither tongue,
Nor yet think ſhame,
That we were frae auld Scotia ſprung,
That dainty dame!

But Faſhion now, light headed fair!
Does muckle miſchief late an' air;
She gars us play the fool fu' fair,
Wi' a' her might,
Elſe fouk wad never learnt the air
Their ſpeech to ſlight.

For a' my anger an' chagrin,
Whilk hae maiſt thraw'n me i' the ſpleen,
On gentle fouks o' Aberdeen
I caſt nae blots,
The lads an' laſſes there, I ween,
Speak guid braid *Scots*.

THE REVIEW.

The HISTORY *of* AMERICA, *&c.*
[P. 91.]

SOON after Vaco de Caſtro entered the camp with the troops which he brought from Quito, and erecting the royal ſtandard before his own tent, he declared, that, as governor, he would diſcharge in perſon all the functions of general of their combined forces. Though formed by the tenor of his paſt life to the habits of a ſedentary and pacific profeſſion, he at once aſſumed the activity, and diſcovered the deciſion of an officer long accuſtomed to command. Knowing his ſtrength to be now far ſuperior to that of the enemy, he was impatient to terminate the conteſt by a battle. Nor did the followers of Almagro, who had no hopes of obtaining pardon for a crime ſo atrocious as the murder of the governor, decline that mode of deciſion. They met at Chupas, about two hundred miles from Cuzco, and fought with all the fierce animoſity inſpired by the violence of civil rage, and rancour of private enmity, the eagerneſs of revenge, and the laſt efforts of deſpair. Victory, after remaining long doubtful, declared at laſt for Vaco de Caſtro. The ſuperior number of his troops, his own intrepidity, and the martial talents of Franciſco de Carvajal, a veteran officer formed under the great captain in the wars of Italy, and who on that day laid the foundation of his future fame in Peru, triumphed over the bravery of his opponents, though led on by young Almagro with a gallant ſpirit, worthy of a better cauſe, and deſerving another fate. The carnage was great in proportion to the number of the combatants. Many of the vanquiſhed, eſpecially ſuch as were conſcious that they might be charged with being acceſſory to the aſſaſſination of Pizarro, ruſhing on the ſwords of the enemy, choſe to fall like ſoldiers, rather than wait an ignominious doom. Of fourteen hundred men, the total amount of combatants on both ſides, five hundred lay dead on the field, and the number of wounded was ſtill greater.

If the military talents diſplayed by Vaca de Caſtro, both in the council and in the field, ſurpriſed the adventurers in Peru, they were ſtill more aſtoniſhed at his conduct after the victory. As he was by nature a rigid diſpenſer of juſtice, and perſuaded that it required examples of extraordinary ſeverity to reſtrain the licentious ſpirit of ſoldiers ſo far removed from the ſeat of government, he proceeded directly to try his priſoners as rebels. Forty were condemned to ſuffer the death of traitors, others were baniſhed from Peru. Their leader, who made his eſcape from the battle, being betrayed by ſome of his officers, was publicly beheaded in Cuzco; and in him the name of Almagro, and the ſpirit of the party, was extinct.

During thoſe violent convulſions in Peru, the emperor and his miniſters were intently employed in preparing regulations, by which they hoped not only to re-eſtabliſh tranquility there, but to introduce a more perfect ſyſtem of internal policy into all their ſettlements in the New World. Rapid and extenſive as the Spaniſh conqueſts in America had been, they were not carried on by any regular exertion of the national force, but by the occaſional efforts of private adventurers. After fitting out a few of the firſt armaments for diſcovering new regions, the court of Spain, during the buſy reigns of Ferdinand and of Charles V. the former the moſt intriguing prince of the age, and the latter the moſt ambitious, was encumbered with ſuch a multiplicity of ſchemes, and involved in war with ſo many nations in Europe, that it had not leiſure to attend to diſtant and leſs intereſting objects. The care of proſecuting diſcovery, or of attempting conqueſt, was abandoned to individuals; and with ſuch ardour did men puſh forward in this new career, on which novelty, the ſpirit of adventure, avarice, ambition, and the hope of meriting heaven, prompted them with combined influence to enter, that in leſs than half a century almoſt the whole of that extenſive empire which Spain now poſſeſſes in the New World, was ſubjected to its dominion. As the Spaniſh court contributed nothing towards the various expeditions undertaken in America, it was not intitled to claim much from their ſucceſs. The ſovereignty of the conquered provinces, with the fifth of the gold and ſilver, was reſerved for the crown; every thing elſe was ſeized by the aſſociates as their right. The plunder of the countries which they invaded ſerved to indemnify them for what they

had expended in equipping themſelves for the ſervice, and the conquered territory was divided among them, according to rules which cuſtom had introduced among them, as permanent eſtabliſhments which their ſucceſsful valour merited. In the infancy of thoſe ſettlements, when their extent as well as their value were unknown, many irregularities eſcaped obſervation, and it was found neceſſary to connive at many exceſſes. The conquered people were pillaged with deſtructive rapacity, and their country parcelled out among its new maſters in exorbitant ſhares, far exceeding the higheſt recompence due to their ſervices. The rude conquerors of America, incapable of forming their eſtabliſhments upon any general or executive plan of policy, attentive only to private intereſt, unwilling to forego preſent gain from the proſpect of remote or public benefit, ſeem to have had no object but to amaſs ſudden wealth, without regarding what might be the conſequences of the means by which they acquired it. But when time at length diſcovered to the Spaniſh court the importance of its American poſſeſſions, the neceſſity of new-modelling their whole frame became obvious, and, in place of the maxims and practices prevalent among military adventurers, it was found requiſite to ſubſtitute the inſtitutions of regular government.

One evil in particular called for an immediate remedy. The conquerors of Mexico and Peru imitated the fatal example of their countrymen ſettled in the iſlands, and employed themſelves in ſearching for gold and ſilver with the ſame inconſiderate eagerneſs. Similar effects followed. The natives employed in this labour by maſters, who, in impoſing their taſks, had no regard either to what they felt, or to what they were able to perform, pined away and periſhed ſo faſt, that there was reaſon to apprehend that Spain, inſtead of poſſeſſing countries peopled to ſuch a degree as to be ſuſceptible of progreſſive improvement, would ſoon remain proprietor of a vaſt uninhabited deſart.

The emperor and his miniſters were ſo ſenſible of this, and ſo ſollicitous to prevent the extinction of the Indian race, which threatened to render their acquiſitions of no value, that from time to time various laws, which I have mentioned, had been made for ſecuring to that unhappy people more gentle and equitable treatment. But the diſtance of America from the ſeat of empire, the feebleneſs of government in the new colonies, the avarice and audacity of ſoldiers unaccuſtomed to reſtraint, prevented theſe ſalutary regulations from operating with any conſiderable influence. The evil continued to grow, and at this time the emperor found an interval of leiſure from the affairs of Europe to take it into attentive conſideration. He conſulted not only with his miniſters and the members of the council of the Indies, but called upon ſeveral perſons who had reſided long in the New World, to aid them with the reſult of their experience and obſervation. Fortunately for the people of America, among theſe was Bartholomew de las Caſas, who happened to be then at Madrid on a miſſion from a chapter of his order at Chiapa. Though, ſince the miſcarriage of his former ſchemes for the relief of the Indians, he had continued ſhut up in his cloiſter, or occupied in religious functions, his zeal in behalf of the former objects of his pity was ſo far from abating, that, from an increaſed knowledge of their ſufferings, its ardour had augmented. He ſeized eagerly this opportunity of reviving his favourite maxims concerning the treatment of the Indians. With the moving eloquence natural to a man on whoſe mind the ſcenes which he had beheld had made a deep impreſſion, he deſcribed the irreparable waſte of the human ſpecies in the New World, the Indian race almoſt totally ſwept away in the iſlands in leſs than fifty years, and haſtening to extinction on the continent with the ſame rapid decay. With the deciſive tone of one ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed with the truth of his own ſyſtem, he imputed all this to a ſingle cauſe, to the exactions and cruelty of his countrymen; and contended, that nothing could prevent the depopulation of America, but the declaring of its natives to be freemen, and treating them as ſubjects, not as ſlaves. Nor did he confide for the ſucceſs of this propoſal in the powers of his oratory alone. In order to enforce them, he compoſed his famous treatiſe concerning the deſtruction of America, in which he relates, with many horrid circumſtances, but with apparent marks of exaggerated deſcription, the devaſtation of every province which had been viſited by the Spaniards.

The emperor was deeply affected with

the recital of ſo many actions ſhocking to humanity. But as his views extended far beyond thoſe of Las Caſas, he perceived that relieving the Indians from oppreſſion was but one ſtep towards rendering his poſſeſſions in the New World a valuable acquiſition, and would be of little avail, unleſs he could circumſcribe the power and uſurpations of his own ſubjects there. The conquerors of America, however great their merit had been towards their country, were moſtly perſons of ſuch mean birth, and of ſuch abject rank in ſociety, as give no diſtinction in the eye of a monarch. The exorbitant wealth with which ſome of them returned, gave umbrage to an age not accuſtomed to ſee men in inferior condition elevated above their level, and riſing to emulate or to ſurpaſs the antient nobility in ſplendour. The territories which their leaders had appropriated to themſelves were of enormous extent; and if the country ſhould ever be improved in proportion to the fertility of the ſoil, they muſt grow too wealthy and too powerful for ſubjects. It appeared to Charles that this abuſe required a remedy no leſs than the other, and that the regulations concerning both muſt be enforced by a mode of government more vigorous than had yet been introduced into America.

With this view he framed a body of laws, containing many ſalutary appointments with reſpect to the conſtitution and powers of the ſupreme council of the Indies; concerning the ſtation and juriſdiction of the royal audiences in different parts of America, the adminiſtration of juſtice, the order of government, both eccleſiaſtical and civil. Theſe were approved of by all ranks of men. But together with them were iſſued the following regulations, which excited univerſal alarm, and occaſioned the moſt violent convulſions:—That as to the *repartimientos* or ſhares of land ſeized by ſeveral perſons appeared to be exceſſive, the royal audiences are empowered to reduce them to a moderate extent: That, upon the death of any conqueror or planter, the lands and Indians granted to him ſhall not deſcend to his widow or children, but return to the crown: That the Indians ſhall henceforth be exempted from perſonal ſervice, and ſhall not be compelled to carry the baggage of travellers, to labour in the mines, or to dive in the pearl fiſheries: That the rated tribute due by them to their ſuperior ſhall be aſcertained, and they ſhall be paid as ſervants for any work they voluntarily perform: That all perſons who are or have been in public offices, eccleſiaſtics of every denomination, hoſpitals and monaſteries, ſhall be deprived of the lands and Indians allotted to them, and theſe be annexed to the crown: That every perſon in Peru, who had any criminal concern in the conteſts between Pizarro and Almagro, ſhould forfeit his lands and Indians."

All the Spaniſh miniſters who had hitherto been entruſted with the direction of American affairs, and who were acquainted with the ſtate of the country, remonſtrated againſt thoſe regulations, as ruinous to their infant colonies. They repreſented, that the number of Spaniards who had hitherto emigrated to the New World was ſo extremely ſmall, that nothing could be expected from any effort of theirs towards improving the vaſt regions over which they were ſcattered; that the ſucceſs of every ſcheme for this purpoſe muſt depend upon the miniſtry and ſervice of the Indians, whoſe native indolence and averſion to labour, no proſpect of benefit or promiſe of reward could ſurmount; that the moment the right of impoſing a taſk, and exacting the performance of it, was taken from their maſters, every work of induſtry muſt ceaſe, and all the ſources from which wealth begun to pour in upon Spain muſt be ſtopt for ever. But Charles, tenacious at all times of his own opinions, and ſo much impreſſed at preſent with the view of the diſorders which reigned in America, that he was willing to hazard the application even of a dangerous remedy, perſiſted in his reſolution of publiſhing the laws. That they might be carried into execution with greater vigour and authority, he authoriſed Franciſco Tello de Sandoval to repair to Mexico as *viſitador* or ſuperintendant of that country, and to cooperate with Antonio de Mendoza, the viceroy, in enforcing them. He appointed Blaſco Nugnez Vela to be governor of Peru, with the title of Viceroy; and in order to ſtrengthen his adminiſtration, he eſtabliſhed a court of royal audience in Lima, in which four lawyers of eminence were to preſide as judges.

[*To be continued.*]

A Dictionary, Perſian, Arabic, *and* Engliſh; *to which is prefixed, a Diſſertation on the Languages, Literature, and Manners of Eaſtern Nations. By* John Richardſon, *Eſq; F. S. A. of the* Middle-Temple, *and of* Wadham College, Oxford. *Folio. 5 l. 5 s* *. Murray.

THE real lovers of learning and philoſophy muſt receive a ſincere pleaſure from an attempt to trace literature to its ſources, and to make the Eaſt as well as the Weſt contribute her ſhare to the general improvement. With peculiar ſatisfaction we announce the appearance of a work which tends to promote this purpoſe; a work much deſired, and long expected; the deſign of which has been undertaken, abandoned, reſumed, by men of equal induſtry and abilities; and which the unwearied labours of Mr Richardſon have at length brought to a concluſion.

By a fatility which eludes explanation, the beſt and moſt uſeful dictionaries in almoſt every language have been undertaken and executed by private perſons, unaided by the protection of government, or the aſſiſtance of public ſocieties. The French Dictionary of Furetiere is by many preferred to that of the academy: the laborious and ſucceſsful exertions of Dr Johnſon are well known; and there is little doubt that poſterity will rank the preſent work with the approved productions of theſe celebrated writers.

When we conſider the difficulties which Mr Richardſon muſt have ſtruggled with in carrying on this extenſive undertaking —the vaſt variety of materials which it was neceſſary to collect, and moſt of which lay beyond the reach of ordinary reſearch:—the expenſive preparation of types in alphabets ſo complicated and perplexing—the neceſſity of writing with his own hand a work of near three hundred ſheets, as well as the painful taſk of correcting the errors of the preſs—theſe, though trifling circumſtances, when compared with the perſevering and intenſe application of mind neceſſary in the judicious arrangement of the whole performance, muſt appear ſufficient to have deterred a man, poſſeſſed of no ſmall degree of enterprize, from ſo bold and arduous a deſign. As to the collecting and diſpoſing of the Dictionary itſelf, it is what few men of letters in this, perhaps in any other country, could have performed. Many gentlemen from India are acquainted with the Perſian; and many belonging to the univerſities are learned in the Arabic; but few poſſeſs an extenſive and critical knowledge of both languages. The propriety, however, of joining them together in a work of this kind muſt evidently appear, when it is conſidered that two thirds of the Perſian, now in general uſe in Hindoſtan, is pure Arabic, and that a half perhaps of the Hindoſtan or Moors is Arabic and Perſian. Both languages, alſo, abound in the Malay; and even appear to have found a place in the vulgar Nagree and Bengal.

Theſe facts ſufficiently evince the utility of a publication on the preſent plan: and, indeed, the neceſſity of a dictionary, *Perſian, Arabic*, and *Engliſh*, not only in a literary, but in a commercial and political light, has been generally acknowledged; and the want of it long felt and lamented by the perſons moſt converſant in India affairs. The voluminous performance of Meninſki is too complicated, and at too exorbitant a price to ſerve the purpoſe, which a much ſmaller but more correct work might be ſufficient to anſwer. The innumerable references, from one folio volume to another, are extremely inconvenient, eſpecially in a warm climate, or on ſhipboard, where there may be a want of proper accommodations for reading. This inconvenience, however, is nothing, compared with the diſappointment of looking in vain for many hundreds of words, for the ſignification of which you are referred from one volume to another, but which are no where to be found in that bulky, but deficient performance. The Dictionary now preſented to the public, in a great meaſure ſupplies all defects, by giving at leaſt five thouſand Perſian and Arabic words, phraſes, and additional ſignifications which Meninſki had totally omitted. Mr Richardſon has likewiſe corrected innumerable miſtakes in that author, by collating him with *Golius, Giggeus, Caſtellus*, and other printed books, and manuſcripts of great authority.

Beſides, an Engliſh explanation has great advantages in the preſent caſe over one in Latin. The oriental Languages, eſpecially the Arabic, employ the ſame word in many different meanings. Theſe

* *A few copies of the Diſſertation are printed in octavo, at 3 s. 6 d. each.*

words Meninſki explains by Latin terms, which likewiſe admit of a great variety of ſignifications. The Arabic word, for example, which ſignifies to *bring forth a child*, he explains by the Latin *parere*, which not only means to *bring forth a child*, but to *appear*, to *obey*, &c. and thus the ſenſe of the oriental term ſtill continues in obſcurity: Mr Richardſon's explanation obviates this difficulty; and in general it will be found that he is diſtinct in the arrangement, and copious in the meanings of the oriental words, of thoſe eſpecially which are moſt commonly in uſe.

The volume now publiſhed runs completely through the Arabic and Perſian alphabet; ſo that it may be conſidered as *a whole*, independent of the ſecond volume, which will contain the Engliſh alphabet tranſlated into the oriental languages. For the uſe of men of letters, the preſent publication, perhaps, might ſuffice. *Their* principal object is to underſtand the Perſian and Arabic authors, which by means of the firſt volume they may attain. But the ſervants of the Eaſt India Company, who have occaſion to write in the Perſian, the general language of negociation and correſpondence all over the Eaſt, muſt receive equal benefit from the ſecond. An Engliſh and Perſian dictionary muſt even give a conſiderable advantage to the ſubjects of Great Britain over thoſe of any other European country, which has formed ſettlements in the Eaſt. It is to be wiſhed, therefore, that the encouragement given to the preſent publication may engage Mr Richardſon to dedicate his future labours to what may be reckoned an important national object.

As the Aſiatic writers frequently allude to cuſtoms, beliefs, perſonages, and events little known in Europe, the author has inſerted, in alphabetical order, many important obſervations, collected from a great variety of channels, upon theſe intereſting ſubjects. Such matters have found a place in no other lexicon; though they tend greatly to facilitate the ſtudy of the languages, and to render what would otherwiſe be a painful labour rather an entertaining amuſement.

In the preliminary diſſertation the author has enlarged upon this ground, and at the ſame time touched upon ſeveral ſubjects, ſome of which are new, and others placed in a new point of view. What is there ſaid he has reduced under three general heads. 1. The progreſs of the Arabic and Perſian languages. 2. Lights which eaſtern language and literature may throw upon ancient hiſtory and mythology. 3. Cuſtoms apparently originating in Aſia, which, ſince the downfall of the Roman power, ſeem to have influenced the manners of modern Europe.

In giving the hiſtory of the Perſian and Arabic languages, the author judiciouſly avoids taking part in the diſpute concerning their original. This ſubject could only have led him into that wide field of uncertain conjecture, in which his predeceſſors, in the walk of oriental literature, have been bewildered. It appears from the fables of the Arabians concerning the antiquities of their language, that the period of its invention reaches beyond the demonſtration of hiſtory: as therefore it muſt be extremely ancient, ſo, from the invincible bravery of the Arabs, it has ever remained uncorrupted.

The moſt characteriſtic quality of the Arabic is its extreme copiouſneſs. This he obſerves aroſe from the diviſion of the country into many independent ſtates, ſeveral of which had little connection with the reſt. The different tribes, therefore, had many of them their different dialects; all of which were at length united in the Koreiſh, which, from various circumſtances explained in the diſſertation with great ingenuity, had become the pureſt, the richeſt, and moſt polite of all the Arabian idioms.

The Perſian language, in point of origin, is very different from the Arabic; notwithſtanding what Dr Hyde and other orientaliſts have ſaid of the fragments of Zoroaſter, the author inclines to the opinion of Sir John Chardin, "that the old dialect of Perſia (excepting what remains in the preſent language) is entirely loſt; that no books now exiſt in it; and that the jargon and characters of the Parſis of Carmania and Guzerat are barbarous corruptions or inventions of the Guebre prieſts, without the leaſt reſemblance to the inſcriptions ſtill remaining on the ancient ruins of Perſepolis."

In confirmation of this opinion Mr Richardſon conſiders the Zend Aveſta, a pretended treatiſe of Zoroaſter, publiſhed by M. Anquetil du Perron, oriental interpreter to the French King; and he offers ſuch convincing arguments for diſproving the authenticity of this work, that it is impoſſible for any one who reads them with attention to entertain a remaining doubt on the ſubject.

The conqueſt of Perſia in the ſeventh century by the followers of Mahommed, produced a total change in the religion, and a very great one in the language of that country. The Perſian tongue was overwhelmed by an inundation of Arabic words; and, from the ſeventh till the tenth century, appears to have laboured under much diſcouragement and neglect. But towards the cloſe of the tenth century, the governors of Perſia began to pay leſs deference to the ſucceſſors of the prophet; and to behave like feudatory chiefs, who aſpired at independence. The great Azaduddowla, who filled the Perſian throne in 977, was born at Iſpahan, and had a ſtrong attachment to his native country. By the munificent encouragement which he gave to learned men, he rendered his court the favourite reſidence of genius; and the Perſian, which was the native dialect of that prince, ſoon became the general language of compoſition in almoſt every branch of polite learning. From the end of the tenth to the end of the fourteenth century, a literary rivalſhip ſeems to have animated the Mohammedan princes who had diſmembered the Khalifat. This therefore may be conſidered as the moſt flouriſhing period of Perſian learning. It produced, among many others, the epic poet Firdouſi, who, in his romantic hiſtory of the Perſian kings and heroes, diſplays ſuch powers of imagination and numbers, as place him in the ſame rank with Virgil and Homer. But the invaſions of the Turks gave a violent check to all the arts of peace, and involved Perſia as well as the neighbouring countries in that melancholy barbariſm, from which, after three hundred years, they have not been able to recover.

[*To be continued.*]

The Proſpect from Malvern Hill: *or, Liberty bewailing her Injuries in* America. *A Poem. 4to. 1s. 6d.* Dew.

"BEHOLD the ſun!———
Giving the earth a warm and beauteous face.
To him the olive *bends a grateful bow,*
The cock's ſhrill tone devotes an early crow:
To him the laurel *makes a ſervent court,*
And chilly mortals haſtily reſort.
He leads the ſeaſons in the ſprightly dance,
And all things charms by his reflected glance."

Theſe lines, excluſive of the grammar and the rhyme, are truly wonderful. The introduction of the olive making a bow to the ſun is happy, ſtriking and novel. In the ſecond edition, ſuppoſe, after the bow, the ſun and the olive were to proceed to a minuet—would not this be better than the ſun's leading the ſeaſons in the ſprightly dance? But we only ſubmit the hint to our poet's better judgment.

"See, *not ſo far from hence,* old Upton's tow'r,
See there the top of Broadway *on us* low'r."

This is another ſpecies of the ſublime.

"Worth truth, impudent-ſaint, deed-bread, too-woe, men-again, woe-do, air-are, here-fair, forth-earth, gone-ſon, earth-forth," are not, we muſt confeſs, the beſt rhymes in the world; but, in a compoſition which contains ſo many beauties, ſome errors may be pardoned. —How muſt the ſubſequent bitter lines touch our king, if he have any feelings!

"And yet unlike to Alfred here I ſing,
We now are govern'd by a diff'rent king,
Whoſe ſhining virtues bleſs his palace o'er,
Within domeſtic life—I ſay no more—"

Four lines, addreſſed to his majeſty's miniſters, are full more beautiful and more ſevere.

"If ye reſolve, and reſolute to rule
Like Alfred, wiſely learn in Alfred's ſchool;
If not, go out before you're further blam'd,
Or elſe ſtay in, be cenſur'd, and be damn'd.

But, to quit irony, we never ſaw ſuch a truly deſpicable performance. It is, in every ſenſe of the word, the *contrary* of what is called a poem. We have heard of a Newmarket ſweepſtakes for the laſt horſe—if any whimſical gentleman have offered a premium for the worſt poem which ſhall be produced, this before us has infinite merit; and we will venture any odds, that it carries the prize.

Stonehenge and Freedom might draw, we ſhould think, ſomething like poetry from the dulleſt ſchoolboy. Of the former he ſays,

"Far off there lies old Sarum's ſpreading plain,
Where ſtones on ſtones ſtupendouſly remain;
Rais'd, as is ſuppos'd, up to that mighty pile,
By ancient druids, bards of Britain's iſle:
Reſpected men! in nature's path they trod,
And all they did was ſacred to their God.
But modern bards licentiouſly indite;
Truth they perplex, while their employers fight.

The pen and ſword to work go hand in hand;
What this will do, that's ready to command."

Of the latter he either ſings or ſays,

"Hail! bleſſed Freedom! nature's bounty dear,
May'ſt thou outlive the greateſt tyrants here;
And, while they ſtruggle for a lawleſs pow'r,
May'ſt thou remain a monumental tow'r!
The muſe thus hopes, and hopes whene'er you die,
Great Britain may in gen'ral conflict lie."

And again moſt divinely:

"Let parties periſh by theſe arts they plann'd,
And Freedom flouriſh *over Britiſh land.*

This poet begs of ſleep not to

———waſte in ſloth his choiceſt time *away*;"

we earneſtly beg of him never more to *waſte it away* in verſe. C.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

The following ſingular caſe of LITERARY PROPERTY was lately tranſmitted us from London, in order to have it publiſhed in our *Review*. We therefore comply the more readily with this requeſt, that we think the publication of the deciſion in Chancery may ſerve to put bookſellers on their guard againſt any deſigning fellow who may lie in wait to claim as property the moſt trifling remains of departed genius, and involve them in an expenſive ſuit at law.

ON Friday the 11th July laſt came on a further hearing before the right hon. the Lord Chancellor, at Lincoln's-inn-hall, the cauſe of Literary Property, *Maſon* againſt *Murray*.

Mr Murray had demurred to the plaintiff's bill, which his counſel ſupported at this hearing, upon theſe grounds: Firſt, becauſe no defendant is obliged to make a diſcovery in the nature prayed for by the plaintiff, ſubjecting him to pains and penalties; and although the plaintiff was willing to wave theſe reſpecting himſelf, he could not wave them on the part of the king, to whom one moiety of the penalties, upon a diſcovery, belonged. Secondly, becauſe Mr Maſon had ſhewn no legal property in the verſes he claimed; for although Mr Gray had bequeathed to Mr Maſon "all his books, manuſcripts, coins, muſic (printed or written), and papers of all kinds, to preſerve or deſtroy, at his own diſcretion," yet it required words more determinate to veſt a *Literary Property* or *Copy Right* in the plaintiff. The particular poems claimed were not ſpecified by name in the will; and although, to a nice and critical eye, they may be thought to be the production of Mr Gray's pen; yet a court of law required more ſolid and ſatisfactory evidence.—Mr Gray might have copied the verſes in queſtion from the writings of other authors: in this caſe he enjoyed no copy-right in them himſelf, far leſs could he bequeath ſuch to another perſon. Mr Maſon could indeed, in conſequence of the will, "preſerve or deſtroy at his own diſcretion, the muſic (printed or written), and papers of all kinds, belonging to the deceaſed;—but no legacy is given to him of a *Copy-right* or *Literary Property* in Mr Gray's manuſcripts, which would have been preciſely ſpecified, had the thing been in contemplation, as the teſtator was well acquainted with the nature of ſuch property. It was moſt natural indeed to conclude, that Mr Gray, who had received no premium or emolument himſelf from his works printed in his lifetime, would not abſurdly bequeath, at his death, the Literary Property or Copy-right of a *few lines* to Mr Maſon.

The counſel on the part of the plaintiff endeavoured to ſet aſide the force of theſe objections, by attempting to ſhew, in the firſt place, that there was no queſtion in the preſent bill, an anſwer to which could ſubject the defendant to the penalties mentioned; and ſecondly, that the words of Mr Gray's will, already recapitulated, conveyed a full and ample Copy-right, or Literary Property, to Mr Maſon, in the lines or verſes contended for.

Upon the whole of theſe arguments it did not appear that the objections of the defendant were ſufficiently obviated. The counſel for the plaintiff, we confeſs, argued the cauſe with great ſkill and ingenuity, yet the principles upon which the demurrer was founded ſeemed not to be ſhaken.

His lordſhip *determined* that Mr Maſon's claim to the verſes in queſtion was not impeached, although he might have ſtated in his bill no *right* to the *property*. For before the defendant could avail himſelf of this objection, it was neceſſary for him to ſhew a property in *himſelf*, and *none* in the *Plaintiff*. His lordſhip therefore OVER-RULED the DEMURRER.

We never underſtood that the defen-

dant in this cauſe claimed more than a *common right*; and it is certain that there was proof in court that the major part of the Verſes claimed as excluſive property by the plaintiff, under the will of Mr Gray, had been printed by various hands long before the will exiſted; and that Mr Gray, in his life-time, had neither entered theſe in Stationers hall, in terms of the ſtatute, nor diſcouraged the indiſcriminate printing of them by every perſon who choſe it.

His Lordſhip did not decide upon the validity of the defendant's firſt and principal cauſe of demurrer, viz. "that he was not obliged to make any diſcovery which could affect him in pains and penalties," which muſt be the caſe in the preſent inſtance, if he anſwers to the plaintiff's bill. Nor did his Lordſhip acquaint us why a demurrer, if *wrong* in *one* point, yet *right* in *two*, the *whole* ſhould be *over-ruled*. For if the objection reſpecting penalties is a legal one, which it is thought to be, in what manner can the defendant, notwithſtanding his demurrer is over-ruled, be yet made to anſwer to the plaintiff's bill?—We ſhall eſteem it a favour in any gentleman intelligent in theſe matters, to inſtruct us in this particular.

This is perhaps the moſt ſingular cauſe of literary property that ever came to be diſcuſſed in a court of law. Mr Maſon takes *extracts* at pleaſure from the works of other authors, and yet files a bill againſt another perſon for taking *extracts* from him.

Not to be teazed with a ſuit at law, the defendant, though conſcious of no offence, deſires the plaintiff to name his own terms of compenſation. His offer is rejected by the plaintiff, whoſe rigid honour is to be ſatisfied with a legal deciſion alone.

It can be proved that the verſes in queſtion have been publiſhed and ſold by many perſons, and that Mr Murray was the *laſt* perſon who printed them; Mr Murry is nevertheleſs interdicted from printing them, and is ſingled out *firſt* as worthy of a rigorous proſecution.

Our readers will no doubt imagine that the *fifty lines* in debate muſt be of extraordinary import and value, to juſtify the great expence and ſtir that has been made concerning them. We have, on the contrary, to aſſure them, that no bookſeller in his ſenſes would at this moment give half a crown for the *fee-ſimple* and *inheritance* of them to him and his heirs for ever. This is a real truth, however paradoxical it may appear.

We have with great care peruſed the ſtatute of Queen Anne, under which the plaintiff claims, and it does not appear to us that any court in Weſtminſter-hall can award 30 s. damages in the worſt view of the matter.

If this cauſe is ultimately decided againſt Mr Murray, the event will produce an unexpected revolution in the trade of bookſelling; as no *Review*, *Magazine*, *News-papers*, *Annual Regiſter*, or other publication, dare take an extract from a new book that has been entered in Stationers'-hall, but at the riſk of having a bill filled againſt them in the Court of Chancery for the offence.

The SAINTS. *A Satire.* 4*to.* 2*s.* Bew.

THE character of a methodiſt (numbers muſt be always excepted in general characters) is ſuppoſed to be a mixture of ignorance and folly, piety and hypocriſy. But this writer treats the whole tribe as downright ſcoundrels. "I cannot ſee with temper, ſays he in his motto, ſo many religious mountebanks impoſe on the unwary multitude; wretches, who make a trade of religion, and ſhew an uncommon concern for the next world, only to raiſe their fortunes with greater ſecurity in this." *Hypocrite*, act I. ſcene 1.--Under this perſuaſion he laſhes them without mercy.—The following deſcription of their origin is written in the ſpirit of Churchill.

"Mills, workſhops, markets, mines, obey the call, (bawl.
And ſend out all their deep-mouth'd ſons to
In various dialects and Babel-tongues,
Gifted with ſtrength of ſinews, face and lungs.
They feel the fancy'd croſs upon their backs,
An heavier weight than baſkets, bales and ſacks.
E'en meek St Giles's hears the joyful news,
And ſaints new fledg'd diſdain to black your ſhoes: (wing;
Well-plum'd with ſudden grace, they take the
Inſtead of ballads Hallelujahs ſing;
Long-flowing ſtreams of texts ſpout forth by rote,
And make a Scripture-conduit of their throat:
Fed, cloth'd, and ſhod with Faith, for bread they traſt,
And trade no more in cinders, rags and duſt."

The author illuſtrates his deſcriptions with notes and references to the writings of the methodiſts. C.

[*Notes to our Correſpondents deferred.*]